

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Dedicated to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

VOLUME I.—NO. 9.

Poetry.

The Melody of Nature.

BY R. F. AMBLER.

Creation sings!—the worlds rejoice,
As with their deep, melodious voice
They fill immensity.
Vast suns grow vocal as they shine.
And through the silent sky
They pour an utterance divine.

If Darkness veils the weary earth,
And stills the sounds of joy and mirth
Mid scenes of revelry,
The gloom awakes the Harp of Heaven,
And tones of melody
To all the shining stars are given.

Yet list!—no outward sense may know
What streams of gentle music flow
Throughout infinity—
The voice of Silence thrills the air
With sweetest harmony,
And makes the music breathing there.

In human hearts regenerate,
Redeemed from pride, and lust, and hate,
There is a temple-soul,
Where echoes from Creation's lyre
Shall ever swell and roll,
Like billows of immortal fire.

Miscellany.

The Little Sisters.

A PRETTY STORY.

"You were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a son in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat reassured by the kind glance that met her and answered, "no, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"Remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study, very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow, but she continued, after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are a going to take turns. I'm going to school one day and sister the next, and to night I'm to teach Nelly all I've learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It is the only way that we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M—forebore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear my dress," that Miss M—was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a minuscule print of deep hue, but it was neatly made and had never been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight, that Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but the one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble—I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M—could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms, and fairly like hands and feet—the elder with dark lustrous eyes and chestnut curls, the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wealth of ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried within during play time, so did Nelly; and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M—to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once that it was the same piece as Mary's, and upon scruti-

nizing it very closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so prettily on Nelly, and it was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsed in the bosom of that village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her book in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M— and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential, "after this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher kindly, "Nelly is fond of her books, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day." Then she continued, a little good natured mischief twinkling in her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips; "but how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she can now,"—Something happened she didn't expect, and she is as glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fulness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story:

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but she told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had each saved enough to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary, "I told mother I wouldn't go neither, but she said I had better for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lead Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night don't you think somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if only I knew who it was I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and O, Miss M—, we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer.—And when, on the following Monday little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school-room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M—felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school-teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

A Good Idea.

A convention of the survivors of the war of 1812, is to be held in Washington, on the 8th of January next, "to adopt such measures as will induce congress not only to do justice to them, but also to the widows of those who have gone to their last account."

LIFE AFTER FREEZING.—It is said that the scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man brought to life after being frozen eleven months on the Alps. The blood of a living man was infused into the veins of the frozen youth, and he moved and spoke. The experiment was afterwards tried on a hare, frozen for the purpose, with complete success.

From the Court Journal. Sylvester Night.

It was a cold, bitter cold night, and I lay shivering in my bed, so cold that I could not sleep—so cold that I was insensible to fear, and yet it was that terrible night for strange sights and sounds, the Sylvester Night of Germany, when the years meet, and, from the spent ashes of the past, a new one rises, phoenix-like, to run its course. The moonbeams glittered over snow fields and white roofs, and lighted up every part of my silent chamber—so silent, that the beatings of my own heart seemed audible to me, and I could hear the icicles crackle on the frozen window-panes as they were swept over by the wintry air. How long I lay thus, in a spell-bound chilly trance, it were impossible to say. It seemed to me as if some new era in my life were about to begin—some new phase of existence opening before me. The streets were deserted, for not a tread passed the dry pavement—there was silence on earth and in the sky—and yet listen! a low, long wall breaks the calm—it is like the death-pang of a breathing heart, and in the moonlight a cherub form appears in my room, holding by the hand a man who moves towards me. The face and figure of that man were unknown to me, but I saw them distinctly. The cherub form was more undefined; I knew that it was one, but could not recognize the outlines of face and feature. The man drew noiselessly to my side, bent over me as if to take my hand, and I then noticed a scar on the forehead; but now a spasm, as of agony, passed over my heart; I strove to scream, but it seemed as if no sound passed my lips and I knew no more. When I next opened my eyes, lights and attendants were in the room, and I was treated as an invalid, and assured that I had roused the household by my cries, but when they entered my room they found me insensible on the floor.

I begged not to be left alone again, although the new-year's dawn was bursting in the eastern sky, and one of my sisters shared my bed with me; but to one I did reveal the vision I had seen, and for my very silence, perchance, I thought of it the more. The face and figure haunted me sleeping and waking, and I lived in a sort of daily expectation that one day they would appear in real life before me. Nay, it seemed with that pang, to have given my very heart to the phantom; I had a yearning, a mysterious longing, to seek it again in his breast. My common acquaintances became distasteful to me, my acquaintances hateful. My sisters called me "the old maid," because I no longer would join in their gayereties and gossipings, but preferred the solitude of that little chamber in which I had first seen my spirit-love.

Years passed by thus; six new-year mornings had risen, and in that space my two sisters had found home and happiness of their own, whilst I lived on, alone, with my secret. At length the town was visited by a grievous calamity. A fearful epidemic broke out, and the funeral bell tolled from morning until night for the dead. There was a cry and a wail in the streets; women weeping for their dear ones, and would not be comforted. The pestilence raged to such a height that there were not nurses enough to tend upon the sick, and from their pulpits the clergy called upon those who had the opportunity to come forth to the relief of their suffering brethren. A band of ladies was soon formed, who went about from house to house to visit the sick and needy, and I had my district with the rest. In one of the streets given over to my supervision there was a small detached house, standing within a neat garden, and evidently once the abode of comfort, but now the seat of ruin and death; and here, then, I ought to call and inquire if the means of attendance and alleviation were at hand. I rang at the gate bell, but the sound echoed as from an empty house. Were the inmates all dead, and were the dead left with the dead? I shuddered at the unknown dread of something terrible which haunts the stoutest heart on some occasions—and entered. The lower rooms were empty, but up stairs, stretched on a sofa in a little sitting-room, lay a wasted form—it was the face and figure of that vision! I knew it again—the scar, the lustrous eyes, the taper hand—and as my heart bounded with a thrill of joy to the sufferer, I went on my knees the bitter tears of a sorrow without hope. The sick man lay quite still; he was in that stupor which so often succeeds the delirium of fever. I opened wide the windows to let in the cool evening air, I bathed his hands and face with vinegar and water, I moistened his parched lips with a wet sponge, and at last his eyes rested on me with a mere speculative gaze. "You are come at last," he said; "I have waited long for you," and then he sank into a doze again. Mysterious recognition! How it sunk into my soul! "Yes, I am come," I cried mentally, "and I will not leave thee again until I am no longer needed." I flung aside my bonnet, and prepared to undertake the charge of the sick. All this time no human foot, save mine, had moved in the household, and now, whilst he was thus calm, I sought

amongst the neighboring houses for a messenger to despatch to my own home. I learnt that the sick man was a stranger, who had only lately come to the house—that his aged servant had been stricken and died of the fever, and that he himself was not known to be so ill.

For many a weary day and night I watched beside his bed, and all that care and medical skill could do for him was done; but from the first the doctor gave me no hope, and day by day I saw that all my efforts would only smooth his passage to the grave. At last it came—that solemn hour when the soul and body part—and I was yet in ignorance of who, or what, or why, I loved and suffered thus.

The sick man, who had lain in stupor since the first day, rose on his pillow and beckoned me to his side. "Hold me in your arms," he whispered. "Six years ago, on New-Year's night, I pledged my troth to you, and you are mine. I have wandered over land and sea to die in your arms. One kiss, dear wife of my heart, my own, yet never mine. Lord I am ready—I come!"—and with that kiss he died.

I was stricken with fever and was insensible for some weeks, and when I recovered, the stranger was of course buried, and I never knew where they had laid him, and so perished all memorial of that strange event. I was again left alone with my mind's hopes and love; yet in a bright hereafter we may meet again, when the Phantom of Sylvester Night shall claim his widowed bride, and hand-in-hand in holy love and joy, they may wander through the starry groves of heaven.

From Michelson's Life of Nicholas. An Ill-Timed Bon-Mot.

FOREGRE, an actor at one of the minor theatres of the Boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French Theatre at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I., that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill-timed bon-mot one day convinced Foregre how dangerous it was to speak too freely to the eccentric autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner-table, when one of the guests lauded the present Emperor at the expense of Peter the Great.

"That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the Emperor, turning to his favorite; "is it not so, Foregre?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the latter. "To satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle."

"And pray why so?" asked the Czar, quickly.

"Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded, in the words of our Savior, 'Go and hear the cross throughout the world, more especially in Siberia.'"

Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes afterwards the Emperor rose and dismissed the company.

It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Foregre was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the Emperor, banishing Foregre to Siberia. We may readily imagine the terror of the Frenchman. He cried, threw himself upon the floor, tore his hair, and repeatedly exclaimed, "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?" He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay, to throw himself at the feet of the monarch and learn the nature of his guilt. In vain: the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. The doors of the vehicle were locked, and the officer giving the signal, the coach rolled off at full speed, surrounded by a cavalry escort. How long the first stage lasted, Foregre was unable to tell; the vehicle was so thick covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. He wastold on entering the coach that the soldiers had orders to shoot him on the spot the moment he opened his mouth to put any questions to them. He consequently observed strict silence, and suffered a world of pain. The door of the coach was at last opened—it was broad daylight—His eyes, however, were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he entered. When the bandage was removed, he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rushlight, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him.—Though he had been fasting for some time he could hardly swallow a morsel; fear, however, induced him to eat, for the faces that watched his motions seemed to portend no good. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought; he was to live in that terrible land. Foregre gave himself up in despair, when the previous officer

by-the-bye, an old acquaintance—entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had not seen that friendly face for years. In the joys of his heart he was about to embrace him; but a motion of the hand and a stern look restrained him, while the finger of the officer pressed upon his lips impressed silence. He had flattered himself that the courier had brought an order for his release; but he was mistaken.

The officer dismissed his guide, and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Foregre, we must now part. I have accompanied you to the first stage, and you will hence be under the inspection of another officer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you on my return to St. Petersburg?" Poor Foregre melted into tears. Instead of replying to the question, he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime. "An unknown crime?" said the officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Are you mad, Foregre? Have you forgotten the sarcastic jest you made at the imperial table? It has offended the Emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the exile.

"Hush! be silent!" whispered the other; "walls have ears. But, not to waste time, listen, Foregre. I am the only one whom you know; henceforth, during your long journey, you will find faces wholly unknown to you. The Emperor, you are aware is immovable in his resolves, and inexorable in his wrath. You had better, therefore be resigned to your fate; you have no hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you."

"Speak for me to his Majesty."

"Not a word of that," said his friend; "ask anything but that."

"If that be the case," said poor Foregre, "I have nothing to ask."

"And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer, "you have left them all behind. Can I lodge them safely for you somewhere, until you return?"

"My return?" gasped Foregre; "then I am not exiled for life?"

"Of course not—only for three years. Take courage; they will soon pass away—and then—"

"Three years for my innocent word?" whined Foregre, and began again to cry and complain. But at this moment the soldiers entered, and, bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.

It seemed a very long stage—for Foregre calculated that he had travelled a whole day, when the vehicle again stopped. As before he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pinewood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several similar journeys, the vehicle again stopped. By Foregre's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had travelled three days and nights. His eyes were bandaged as before; but, instead of being led, his guides seized him, and carried him for some time, until they placed him upon a wooden bench. He waited for a few moments and wondered why the bandage was not removed. At last he heard soft whisperings, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized, and tied behind his back. He tremblingly asked what it meant? but received no reply. In another moment his coat was torn off his shoulders, and his breast laid bare. Foregre now thought that eternity, instead of Siberia, was to be the goal of his journey.—

"Take aim!" was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—"fire!" and several shots were at once discharged. Foregre fell senseless to the ground. He was raised unwounded and whilst he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed upon a chair his hands were unbound, and the bandage removed. He then found himself in the same room, at the same table, and in the same company, where the unhappy bon-mot had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the Emperor. The astonishment, terror and doubt which alternately reflected in the poor actor's face, so greatly excited the risible faculties of Paul, that the entire company joined heartily in the mirth. Foregre fell in a swoon. The whole terrible trip had only lasted twenty-four hours. The Emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad dream of the imperial face.

God pity the man who has nothing to do. Idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker, or the wisest theorist.

A Nautical Novel Condensed.

GIRLS of Mexico; small ship; young man very romantic; black glossy curls; aquiline features; florid complexion; commanding figure; black clouds; pipe all hands to quarters; storm coming on; very dangerous; all hands to the pumps; there goes the jib; masts cut away; storm clearing; all hands piped; monster ship in the distance; very suspicious black flag; skull and crossbones; pirate; sailors fearful; young man determined; bound to die or perish in the attempt; armed to the teeth; addresses the sailors; great enthusiasm; flag of the tree; die for our country; pirate approaches; hundred guns; pirate captain; big whisks; crew all fiends; call for surrender; young man scorns; broadside; female shrieks on board the pirate ship; beauty in distress; young man vows passed—she is clad in "the sinking; flag shot off; nails to the mast; crew leave in boats; board the pirate; terrific combat; seven pirates attack boatswain; kill two with a claw of tobacco; throw others overboard; sharks around vessel; young man kills pirate captain; pirates give in; shouts; tremendous victory; young man rushes into cabin; finds young lady nearly dead; brings her to; falls in love; papers discovered; young man son of nobleman; young lady rich heiress; tells her story; was stolen by gipsies; sold to the pirate captain; heaven sent young man; preserved; falls on her knees; young man embraces her; sailors get drunk; marriage at sea; life on the ocean wave; ship in port; young man promoted; the land of liberty; Yankee Doodle.—Fins.

"AND SHE WAS A WIDOW?"—A pale and pensive lady has just passed—she is clad in "the weeds of profoundest woe;" doubtless a widow. A moment to imagine her history. Who whom she mourns had wooed her in girlhood. There is a fragrant nook, where a river gorges which she never remembers save with tears wherein lay the blessed drama was performed by their fervid lips. They were wed at last. Months perhaps years departed, and then the shadow fell. He blessed her amid the marches of night and in the morning went out with the stars. The earth is laden with such histories. She was blithe and merry once. She loved the customs of society, and adhered with a sort of piety to the maxims of fashion. Gay and happy as the world in which she dwelt. But 'tis a sad thing to carry a dead heart in a living bosom. It is a bitter thing for a lip used to dainties to feed on ashes. It is a fearful thing for the living to know that their only treasure is hid in the grave—beautiful life—life linked to corruption. Her desires are written upon her face. Its expression translates its muttered yearnings. She longs to join him in the distant and better country, him who has gone before. The welcome hour is nearer than she thinks. They shall soon lay her beside her buried idol. Too lovingly will be that dying smile, when the prayerful lips shall close at the touch of death's cold finger. God grant that the drooping life of earth may become a fadless amaranth in heaven.

Lime—New Facts Concerning its Use.

A weekly council was recently held, when Prof. Way delivered before the members, a lecture on the results of a nine months' investigation into the conditions under which lime affects the absorptive power of soils in reference to ammonia. These results were numerically represented in a small table, containing only four vertical columns, intersected by as many horizontal spaces; but would prove, Professor Way remarked, of a permanent value, worth all the time and labor bestowed upon the production, if they should be found to lead to the establishment of any new principle in agriculture. His lecture was chiefly occupied in the discussion of these results and of the clue they might possibly give, to explanations of the mode in which lime acted upon the soils as a manure. The two principal facts ascertained by these experiments appeared to be the following: 1. That clay soils, more or less, even beyond the depth of 30 feet, are found to possess a certain quantity of ammonia, derived as Professor Way supposes, from the fishy and vegetable matter of beds of lakes or rivers, no bed of clay, he thought, being entirely free from ammonia. 2. That the addition of lime to a soil, set free one-half the ammonia it contained; thus acting in the first instance, as a stimulant to vegetation and as an exhauster of the stock of ammonia already in the soil, or to be slowly derived from the atmosphere, if applied in large quantities. The two principle recommendations were—1. That liming should take place periodically at short intervals, not more than from eight to ten bushels per acre being used every year or every two years. Lime would, under such circumstances, he thought, be found to be one of the most useful adjuncts of the farm. 2. That lime when slaked and mixed with water, forming what was known as "milk of lime" should be added to tank water, and distributed by means of piping, as in the case of Mr. Mechi's operation at TIRRELL, or Mr. Kennedy's, at MYRE MILL. Prof. Way, in the course of this lecture, entered into most interesting details connected with the chemical machinery of the double silicates in the soil, by which the action of lime was regulated; and with the experiments he had instituted for showing, in strong comparative contrasts, the result he had obtained. He also pointed out the great importance of giving to land, by means of suitable cultivation, that condition under which it would best act as absorbent of ammonia from the atmosphere.—*London Farmer's Magazine.*

A full attendance of Spiritualists is desired at this office, this (Saturday) evening at 7 o'clock, to adopt or reject the articles of organization, which will then be presented.

Political.

The Result of the Election.

At this present writing—Monday morning, Nov. 20, it appears that M. H. CLARK is elected governor by a very small plurality, over H. SEYMOUR, the present incumbent of the Chief Magistracy of this state. We did not vote for Mr. CLARK. We voted for Mr. ULLMAN, for reasons which we have repeatedly made known to our readers. The temperance principles of Mr. CLARK are emphatically acceptable to us. We believe, too, that he is right on the question of slavery extension. On these two accounts we greatly prefer him to SEYMOUR. We are not aware how he stands on the question of papal propaganda; but we infer that he is not to be deceived by appearances, and led into a general error by the knowledge of a local fact.

It is our honest conviction that MYRON H. CLARK, if elected, as we now think he is, has succeeded by virtue of his generally understood opposition to the liquor traffic; and it appears to us to be a popular decision of the question whether we are or are not to have a prohibitory law in this state. It is true that those opposed to a prohibitory law, have a right to argue that the success of Mr. CLARK, by a small plurality, does not prove that a majority of the people are in favor of such a law. We used that argument when we supported Mr. SEYMOUR as elected, affirming that his small plurality was no evidence that a majority of the people were opposed to a prohibitory law, or in favor of his veto. We shall not, therefore, claim that this election of Mr. CLARK proves that a majority of the people expect and desire the enactment of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. We might argue that half of those who voted for Mr. ULLMAN and Mr. BLOSSOM, were in favor of a prohibitory law, as was the case with himself; and we are inclined to think it true. But it would not do for argument, because the opponents of such a law would seem to have as good a right to affirm that more than half of them were opposed to prohibition. There is a method, however, by which this question can be satisfactorily settled. If the people of the state have elected a majority of representatives in favor of a prohibitory law, it will be sufficiently evident that the same governing principle elected Mr. CLARK. The time will soon come when this case will be brought to the test. Will it be a fair test?

What is it that has given Mr. SEYMOUR from twenty-five to thirty thousand more votes than Mr. LENDOW received, who was nominated at the same convention and run on the same ticket, for Lieutenant Governor? We think it was the money of the liquor dealers in the city of New York, with some help, probably, from the same class, in the other principal run-dealing cities and towns of the state. And will not the answer to the question, whether the decision by the representatives of the people will be fair or not, depend, to some extent, on the exercise of the same influence upon representatives of easy virtue, that was brought to bear upon these thirty thousand voters? The people know what representatives were elected on account of their professed adherence to temperance principles, and their expressed or implied pledges to favor a restraining law; and they must watch them vigilantly, for they will be exposed to strong temptations.

We would by no means wish to have a restraining law enacted which would call down another executive veto; nor would we wish Governor CLARK, if such is to be the next Governor's name, to sanction a law which the courts must pronounce unconstitutional. It will be much better to proceed carefully and take less than we have heretofore asked, than to proceed rashly and take so much that we shall not be able to hold any. All that can be done with money, to prevent the enactment of a restraining law, will be done; and all that can be done by the same means to procure a decision of unconstitutionality, after such a law has been enacted, will be done. Let us, then, be more wise than zealous in this matter, and not let our rashness outrun our discretion. A thing once well done, is twice done. So says the adage.

We have come to the conclusion that nothing short of a restraining law will relieve the people of this state from that most ponderable of all subsidiary curses, Intemperance; and we dread, of all things, to make a false step which will throw us forward into the reign of another vetoing Chief Magistrate, who will deny that the people have any constitutional right to prohibit the wholesale and retail vendition of deadly poisons, if a felo de se mania should prevail. According to Mr. SEYMOUR'S

veto logic, if such a mania should prevail to such an extent that twenty per cent. of the male population of the state should poison themselves to death with arsenic, the sale of that poisonous mineral could not be prohibited by law. The enactment of a prohibitory law, in such a case, would be to destroy a branch of legitimate commerce, which the legislature has no constitutional power to do.

We do not wish, as we have said, to have a Governor who will sanction an unconstitutional law; but we do wish to have one who can discriminate between the principles on which a state constitution is founded, and those on which the constitution of the General Government is based. He should know that the people in the state of New York, are the source of all political power; that the constitution of the state cannot give the people or their representatives any power which they have not before; that whatever power is inherent in the people, passes to their representatives by delegation, and remains with them as long as they hold the agency; that the state constitution is adopted by the people, not to give power to these agents, but to set bounds to their own legislative power, and, consequently, to restrict the action of the agents. It is to abridge inherent power, which otherwise would be unlimited, save by the law of nature and reason. From these reflections, it is plain that whatever the constitution of the state does not forbid by its letter, and which is consonant with the laws of nature and human reason, may be done by the representatives of the people. Hence it will be seen that a prohibitory liquor law may be enacted if the constitution do not forbid it.

It is different with the constitution of the General Government. That Government is a creature of the constitution. Those who legislate under it and administer it, receive all the power which they exercise, from the constitution. That constitution is a compact between the people of the several states, entered into for specific purposes, all of which are written down in the compact. The powers with which that Government is clothed, are delegated to it by the people of the states, who have reserved to themselves all power not thus delegated. Then, for outside of the letter of the constitution, Congress and the executive have no existence. This is the difference between the two. In more brief language, the people of the state and their delegated agents have all power which the constitution does not take away; and the General Government has no power but what the constitution gives it. This is the principle which we wish a Governor to understand when he thinks of exercising the veto power.

Proclamation.

By HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor of the state of New York.

An acknowledgment of our dependence upon God, and of our obligations to Him is at all times the duty of a Christian people. But when His Almighty hand has again crowned the year with His goodness, and we are enjoying the gathered fruits of His bounty, it is eminently fitting that we should offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

I therefore appoint THURSDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, for the appropriate service, and invite the citizens of this State, to assemble on that day in their respective places of worship to present their acknowledgments to the Parent of the Universe for His multiplied mercies—and with our thanksgiving let us mingle prayers for a continuance of the numberless blessings we as a People enjoy, remembering that His wisdom alone can direct, His power support and His goodness give strength and security.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the privy seal of [L. S.] the State, at the city of Albany, this tenth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

By the Governor,
H. W. De Puy, Private Secretary.

We publish the above proclamation of the Governor, for the benefit of those of our readers who take no other paper, and who welcome, as we do, the return of that anniversary which brings old friends together to renew those friendships which, by the absorbing interests and oblivious influences which each revolving year brings with it, is continually fading into estrangement. It is necessary that there should be days set apart, by common consent, in which friends can meet and be jovial and joyful in each other's society. We heartily wish there were at least twelve of them in every year. One day in seven, in which to rest from physical labor, and to enfranchise the mind from the slavery of care, is not enough for the health of either body or soul. But there are two improvements which we should be pleased to see adopted in the observance of this annual festival.

The first to which we shall allude, is an improvement in the manner in which the day is spent. We object to spending it in those revenges which degrade the moral man and promote the growth of pernicious habits. And we as strongly object to spending it in those religious exercises which divide friends by the lines of sectarianism, instead of uniting them according to the laws of congeniality and fraternal sympathy. Those formal thanksgivings, in which there is nothing but pompous diction, moulded into sounding periods by the breath of ostentation, cannot be otherwise than abominable to Him who is mocked by them. Infinitely more acceptable is the unuttered thankful emotion, which warms the bosom of the destitute and friendless, whose basket is filled with the fragments from the table of those who far sumptuously. Those formal thank-offerings presented to our Heavenly Father, are like the adulatory homage of heartless sycophancy, bowing at the feet of an earthly potentate. The one is humanizing deity; the other defying humanity. Both are derogatory to the character of rational beings, and must be offensive to Him from whose knowledge no sentiment or motive can be hidden.

We would see happiness and joy abound on

all such occasions. We would have those persons meet together who have fraternal affinity for each other, so that harmony and common sympathy will pervade their circles. We would have them manifest their thankfulness to God, not by long-winded addresses to Him personally, but by the only means whereby man can manifest his gratitude to his Heavenly Parent—*—by doing good to his fellow man.* We can do no service to Him to whom we pretend to devote this day of thankfulness, but in the good we do to ourselves and to each other. You who are able to do so, give a poor family the means to provide a comfortable dinner, and you will not only give palpable evidence of gratitude to God for the mercies and blessings which you have received at His bountiful hand, during the year, but you will enjoy your own good dinner with such pleasure as none but those who have done likewise can feel. And let us assure you, that nothing else which you will do on that day, will give you such pleasure, during the whole year, as that act of carrying comfort and gladness to the dwelling of destitution.

Now for improvement number two. We object to its being made or considered the duty of the political Chief Magistrate of the state, to "appoint" a day to be devoted to religious exercises, either in eating and giving thanks, or in going hungry and praying God to stay His wrath and hold His vengeful hand. The Governor of the state is an agent of the people, who have pointed out the duties which he shall perform, in the letter of the constitution. Neither the people, in their constitution, nor their agents, in the legislature, have enacted any law authorizing the Chief executive officer to do anything like that which he has done in issuing the above proclamation. What business has he to "affix the privy seal of the state" to a document unknown to the constitution and laws of the state? What is the meaning of a seal? It is merely a symbol of official authority. How dare the Governor of the state of New York to this pretend that he has authority to appoint a day for religious exercises? Do we hear it responded that usage sanctions the usurpation? So it may be argued by the next President of the United States, that usage sanctions the interference of the national executive in the legislation of congress, since President PIERCE did so in the repeal of the Missouri compromise. As well may it be argued that bankers are warranted by usage in making themselves rich, building palaces for themselves, and cheating the laboring poor out of the money which they do it with. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and every other moral abomination, may as well be justified by the plea of usage, for they are very usual in the present day and generation. A wrong is no less a wrong for being frequently perpetrated. A practise like this might do very well under a government in which religion and politics are blended; but it is insufferable under a government which so clearly eschews all uniting of church and state. The custom is not a republican one, and it should be abandoned.

As a substitute, we see no objection to the establishment of an annual carnival, or thanksgiving, if that name be preferred. And since God must always be thanked on Thursday, and his human children strangled on Friday, we would recommend that all religious societies concur in naming the first, second, third or fourth Thursday in November, to be observed by all persons not otherwise inclined, for all coming time. This will not require the unauthorized use of the privy seal of the state, nor any usurpation of authority by the Chief Magistrate. Then all religious societies who prefer to hold religious meetings on that day, would have them appointed in the usual manner. And the Governor might manifest his piety by attending one of them, rather than by his semi-clerical proclamation.

The War News.

Since our last publication, there have been two arrivals from Europe. The *Canadian* and the *Canada*. By the first, advices have been received of the continual bombardment of Sevastopol, by the allied forces. Accounts of the battle of Balaklava tell of dreadful carnage. Those fortifications of the allies which were manned by the Turks, were captured by the Russians, and the Turkish troops put to death, to fight and to prison.

The *Canada*'s news informs us that the fight had been much more disastrous to the British forces than had been previously represented. The *Canada* arrived at Halifax on Wednesday evening, but one day after the *Canadian*; but her news is four days later. The siege of Sevastopol is kept up without cessation of bombardment, day or night, so that the Russians have no opportunity to repair damages. There is horrible suffering in the Russian garrison, and there does not appear to be any chance of avoiding final capture; although they still held out at last advices.

The market for breadstuffs and provisions, still had an upward tendency.

CAMPFIRE ACCIDENT.—MRS. H. W. VAN BUREN, of Syracuse, was quite seriously burned on Friday while lighting a lamp filled with burning fluid. The lamp was thrown out of the window thereby preventing an explosion and the burning of the house.

This family, who thus narrowly escaped, were not ignorant of the explosive character of this "burning fluid." But they were confident that they (from their knowledge of the character of the article, and because they were determined to be very careful in its use) would run no risk. Nine tenths who use it are no more confident or careful. And yet they expect the sympathy of their friends in the event of the death of some member of their household from the use of this dangerous compound.—*Eye Journal*.

Spiritualism.

Spiritual Tests.

It would require a much larger sheet than ours to hold all the remarkable tests which spirits have given to enquiring friends, during the few days which have passed since Mr. CONKLIN arrived in this city. A few of them, therefore, must suffice, as our columns are but limited.

This is Wednesday morning, half past ten o'clock. Five minutes ago we were in Mr. C.'s room. There were a few persons sitting by the table, and some sitting back. Among the latter was a lawyer of this city, who, we believe, had never believed that departed spirits communicate with their friends in the flesh. Whilst one who was sitting by the table was preparing to receive a test, the hand of the medium was seized by a spirit, and the following communication to the lawyer above named, was written with great rapidity, and signed with the dashing hand of the author, who was totally unknown to the medium:

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—The grave is not the resting place of the spirit. The vital spark still retains its individuality, and still moves in sympathy with earth's inhabitants. It is gratifying to me to have the privilege of occasionally conversing with my friends. My earthly career was not as I should have wished. Had I the privilege of again inhabiting the body, I should live a life far different from that which I did. The spirit state is not, as many suppose, idled in some far distant planet, but in close proximity with earth. True, by the law of attraction, we often leave your immediate sphere and go to other planets and converse with those that live there. I have the most attraction to earth, and when I find a mortal that I can approach, I always send a word.

H. K. SMITH."

We are not at liberty to publish the gentleman's name to whom this communication was addressed; but we are not restricted from giving it verbally to those whom the knowledge would gratify. There having been a number of others present, the name can be no secret.—If either of the three *Kæcologian* physicians would wish to know the name, he shall have it by calling at this office, provided he will do so the fallow to account for the following, by the knee-cracking and toe-snapping philosophy:

A lady called at Mr. CONKLIN'S room, on Friday last, who had paid very little attention to the subject of spiritual intercourse. She had lost a little daughter, and, although skeptical in relation to the many wonderful things which are daily coming to pass around her, she did not think proper to stand back and cry "humbug," but went to investigate—in all probability, secretly hoping that she might hear from lost one. She did hear from her, and that in a manner which left no possibility of doubt.—The spirit informed her that its grandmother—the mother's mother, was then on the way from Michigan, and would arrive at her house in four days. On the fourth day, which was Tuesday of the present week, the lady came into Mr. C.'s room, accompanied by her mother, who had arrived that day. She had expected a visit from her mother next spring, but had received no intimation that she would come before that time, and did not believe the spirit when she received the communication.

Now, dear Doctors, was it the medium's knees, the lady's toes, or electricity, that bore this intelligence four days in advance of that unexpected arrival? Electricity could have done it beautifully, with human intelligence to make it speak the English language. Without the aid of that intelligence, it can only fly as the arrow flies, and speak as the wind speaks. But there was an intelligence which brought the tidings. The spirit of the child, attracted by natural affinity, saw its grandmother on her way, and just as it would have done when in the flesh, flew to its mother to tell the news.—It so happened that a favorable opportunity presented itself, and she embraced it. Go, skeptical one, and enquire whether we have stated truth or not.

Up to the moment of going to press, we were expecting to get the lady's name, which was given to Mr. C., with liberty to publish it; but it slipped his memory, and we have failed to obtain it. We will have it next week.

A Corroboration.

On Sabbath evening last, at a small circle held at the house of Mr. L. BROOKS, his daughter being the medium, the writer was relating a circumstance which he had learned from Miss T., whose sister is a very impressive speaking medium. The circumstance related was the controlling of the last named medium by the spirits of two catholic priests. The first one of these spirits, on taking possession of the medium, looked around and exclaimed: "why, I'm of earth again! I have been so long in the spheres, and so highly elevated, that I have not visited the earth before in many years." Miss T., perceiving that he made the medium's tongue flutter a little with the brogue, asked him what countryman he was, and what was his profession. He answered that he was an Irishman and a catholic priest; but remarked that he was far above that now, having long since seen the fallacy of that faith. Miss T. remarked to him that there were no catholics in that vicinity, and went so far as to assure him that they abominated the dogmas and discipline of that sect. Hereupon the spirit became very angry and declared that he was as much of a catholic as ever he was; that his mission was to propagate the catholic faith in spite of the new movement, and to break up all the spiritual circles he could find, and that all of his class were similarly engaged.

At another time, the same medium was con-

trolled by another catholic priest, who raved in the same angry manner, and swore most shockingly. The medium, in the normal state, was never known to utter a profane word in her life. Subsequently to this, she was taken possession of by a very elevated spirit, who told Miss T., that the two spirits above named were spirits of Irish catholic priests, who were undeveloped and full of mischievous purpose; and assured her that they were continually engaged in giving false answers in spiritual circles, wherever they could gain admittance, and doing all in their power to break up circles.

Here the writer ceased his narrative, when rapping commenced on the floor, behind the medium, louder than he had ever before heard. The following response was given by those raps as fast as the words could be written:

Let me assure you that this is a lamentable fact, and it becomes you, not only as Christians, but as lovers of truth and wisdom, to shun all seemingly obtruding communications, unless reliable evidence of their sincerity is given. If you do not, behold your circles enslaved by a class of revengeful spirits, who seek to overthrow this glorious cause. Remember and bear well in mind these words. WASHINGTON.

The writer then asked the spirit how we could discriminate between the communications of true spirits and false ones. The following was his reply, to which he appended his full signature:

MY FRIENDS.—It is not difficult for spirits to detect spirits who deceive you; but it is extremely hard for man to discover the state or condition of the mind of the spirit addressing him, professing to have attained a high degree of elevation. Spurious minds that exist here, do come and are almost always surrounding you. When your circles meet, they can teach you to be kind to one another. So can an evil heart dictate this, while beneath this seeming goodness, lurks hatred, revenge and all that is revolting. We have watched with anxious suspense the crosses which hundreds of circles are undergoing. We have played with all the pity and eloquence that language can utter, to dissuade these spirits, who trifle so wilfully with you. They heed not our advice, but continually endeavor to destroy your circles. Now that words will not work a reformation in them, we must arouse all the powerful energies of our natures, to break their strong grasp upon circles. What means shall we devise to accomplish our object? Let me say this to you, and let your own better judgment estimate its value: Though once reputed to be a great man, I do not profess to maintain that title now; but I do profess to maintain my attributes of mind. Therefore I feel justifiable in advising the following: We, as brothers by nature, wish to treat you as such. You have a small circle appointed, composed of highly moral, intelligent and well developed minds. You would befriend one another. You repose implicit confidence in elevated spirits. They strive to appreciate you. This circle is adopted to our desires for spiritual intercourse. Go, then, hand in hand, heart with heart. Take your positions assigned you at your circles. Look to God. Ask Him to send his noblest messengers to hold converse with you. Rely not so much upon spirits. Let your feelings blend together and ascend with a sacred devotion to God and nature. Then you will hear those still small voices whisper: I come! O, then, open your hearts and exclaim with glorious feelings, Welcome! welcome brother! Then do not, within this sanctuary idolize or worship these spirits, as Jesus was idolized and worshipped, but ask if they can instruct you, morally, intellectually and spiritually. Receive what may be given. Should it not meet your expectations, do not, within your minds, complain, but let the generous greeting end with a happy good night. Then contemplate, yourselves, the great good we seek to accomplish. When the hour for you to separate arrives, part with your spirits overflowing with love and truth; and O, then, how you will long for the hours to pass until you may again congregate together in your circle. How hope will fill your bosom; and when you have received that which has long been promised, you will inwardly say: God be praised!

Yours, in wisdom, love and truth,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An Incident at Mr. Conklin's Room.

An old gentleman (every body is a gentleman, in these days, and the rest of mankind are ladies), was introduced into Mr. CONKLIN'S room, the other day, by his friend, who wished to hear what he would say about what he saw.—He was a veteran foggy, as full of prejudices and distrust of all human integrity, as his wrinkled skin could hold. After watching matters for a long time, he told the friend who introduced him there, that Mr. CONKLIN tipped the table, every time, with his own hands; that he guessed at every question that was asked, and did not guess right other than he himself, or any other shrewd man, could guess. He further asserted that Mr. ALBRO, editor of *The Age of Progress*, understood the trick, and was laughing in his sleeve; that he would humor the thing along, till he got ready to expose it, and would then come out with a full exposition, and make money by it. All these things the old gentleman saw, not in the table, nor in any thing that the medium did, but in his own heart, where he looked to see what frail human nature would do, under the influence of insatiable avarice.—What he there saw, he told to his friend as his opinion of the phenomena.

The next morning after hearing this, we called at Mr. CONKLIN'S room, and when there was an opportunity, remarked to him that we two had been charged with collusion to cheat the public, and commenced to tell him what we have related. We had said but few words

when he was taken possession of by a spirit so suddenly that we thought he was thrown into a spasm by what we had said, and we were sorry we had mentioned it. We soon found our mistake, for he arose, took us by the hand, and addressed us very feelingly and encouragingly; but the thing was so sudden, and we were thrown into such tribulation by it, that we could not remember what the spirit said, except the last words, which were in answer to the question: "Who are you?" which we addressed to him. The reply was: "It is no matter—when my body was buried, my name was buried with it. My present name is 'Truth.'" We then stated to the spirit that we had not retained any part of his address in our mind, and asked him to give it to us through the medium hand, who had returned to the normal condition. In a minute his hand was moved, and the following was written:

"My brother, it is I. I cannot repeat. You will not always be compelled to contend with antagonists. Those who now continually abuse you, for truth's sake, will, ere long, hang themselves on the very gallows which they have erected for you. The fire that has long been smoldering under the ruins of ignorance, prejudice and superstition, is now blazing forth, and will gradually consume all opposition. Let charity abound, my brother; pity and not condemnation. Remember the words of the ancient medium: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Then continue to let your light shine, not only as a lamp to your own feet, but also to others, that they may see your works, and say: behold the man in whom there is no guile. My ideas are changed, my brother—I have learned to love God because I have found Him to be a kind and loving father. Your brother, JAMES.

Presentation of a Watch to A. J. Davis.

In a late number of the *Hartford Times* we find the proceedings of a recent meeting of the Harmonical Brotherhood in that city, embodying a series of Resolutions passed at said meeting, together with an account of the presentation of an elegant gold watch to A. J. DAVIS on the eve of his leaving that place. The resolutions express a high regard for Mr. Davis, and a grateful appreciation of his labors in behalf of individual freedom and general harmony. Mr. Davis responded to the Resolutions, acknowledging the gift in a neat and appropriate manner. We extract the subjoined portion of his remarks:

Your token of friendship is wrought from earth's purest metal—a substance which is said to be untransmutable. This fact, so externally significant, is not without its moral. I hope I shall profit by a suggestion so delicately expressed by you.

And you have presented me with a *Recorder of Time*. This is a startling thought! It will every where remind me of the pulsations of Eternity—the hours, minutes, and seconds as they spread their wings and fly from the empire of life into the realm of death. But this reflection cannot disturb or sadden us—for we know that to our immort principles, THERE IS NO DEATH; but life unfolding more and more beautifully as we pass along with the flight of time forevermore.

This Watch will help my soul to keep its vigils day and night. My spirit is deeply impressed with your beautiful Token. In its shining Countenance I shall behold the ever happy ever-cheering faces of my Harmonical Friends in the City of Hartford; and its extended Hands will impress me henceforth to remember, with a thrill of unmingled happiness, the familiar grasp of many earnest women and fearless men; who, notwithstanding the oppressive nature of popular prejudices, have stood firmly forth, forming a pioneer phalanx in favor of the Gospel of Nature and Reason.

My soul is joyous, my Friends, because you have given me a gift so significant—one which I shall keep warm with the emanations of my spirit because everywhere it will be my speaking emblem—a meter of time; the recorder of each succeeding moment, which I shall be admonished to improve as it passes. It will keep me at my happy work. It will ever sing: "Now's the day, and now's the hour!" That terrible and poet, Robert Pollock, says: "The Angel of God appeared in a Statue of fire, blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high, there that Time should be no more."

But notwithstanding the oath, of this apocryphal angel, my conviction remains unshaken that time is eternal, or what we term eternal is composed of time as Drops constitute the Ocean, and constantly, in all latitudes and under all circumstances, your Gift will serve to remind me of this conviction inspiring me with new efforts for mankind.

Day unto day uttereth speech! We talk of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. What are these but the proper names of the ever-receding ever-approaching waves of the Ocean of time? Your Token, Brethren, is beautifully symbolical of a hidden prayer, dwelling within each soul, that I may lose no Time in doing all that is an individual Brother, can, to break the fetters of Ignorance—to teach the philosophy of our existence—to bring man into fellowship with his own Intuitions and Reason—and, through the benign influence of a rational Spiritualism, to do something toward establishing harmonious relations between the Heavens and the Earth!

In connection with the publication of the above extract, we deem it appropriate to notify our readers that we have received an answer from Mr. DAVIS, to an invitation which we were directed to extend to him, to give us a lecture or lectures on the Harmonical Philosophy, when he makes his western tour. He will make arrangements to give us five discourses, which will embrace the outlines of the whole subject; but he will not be able to get here before the last of January or the first of February. He will give us timely notice of his coming, so that we may be prepared for him. Now read the extract over again, that you may be the better enabled to judge of the qualities of the mind from which we are to receive the promised entertainments.

On the Dock, enable us to do so free of charge.
E. TAUNT,
J. A. BALDWIN

Poetry.

Take back the Ring, dear Jamie.

The following Scotch ballad was sung by Madame Anna Bishop at Musical Hall, San Francisco, September, 1854. The words are by James Linn, Esq., and the music was composed and dedicated to Mrs. B. S. Brooks, of San Francisco, by Stephen C. Massett:

Take back the ring, dear Jamie,
The ring ye gae to me,
An' a' the vows ye made yestreen,
Beneath the birken tree;
But gie me back my heart again,
It's a' I hae to gie,
Sin' ye'll no wait a fittin' time,
Ye canna marry me!

I promised to my dadie,
Afore he slipp'd awa,
I ne'er wad leave my minnie,
Whate'er and her be;
I'll faithfu' keep my promise,
For a' that ye can gie;
Sae, Jamie, gif ye winna wait,
Ye ne'er can marry me!

I canna leave my minnie,
She's been sae kind to me,
Sin' e'er I was a bairnie,
A wee thing on her knee,
Were I an heirless o' a crown,
I'd a' its honors tae,
To watch her hours o' happiness,
As she in youth watched mine!

Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

NUMBER X.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have with all frankness and honesty stated to you the reasons which yet prevent me from returning to the pale of your church. And although I have stated but five, which are scarcely a tithe of those that press themselves forward for utterance, yet, if not to you, they are to myself and I think to all unbiased minds, entirely sufficient. I have even the faith to believe that you yourself will deem them sufficient; and that were it not for the peculiarity of your position, and your pledged oath, to sustain your church, right or wrong, that they would have the same effect upon your mind and conduct that they have upon mine.

Whilst reviewing and weighing these reasons, the questions have arisen before my mind. Is the Roman Catholic, a church of Christ? Has it so far departed from the truth, or so grievously perverted it, as to forfeit all claim to that title? These are questions of grave import, which I must not undertake to decide. But I wish to state to you, in the present letter, how some things bearing on these questions strike me, and then I will submit the decision of them to yourself. To this, surely, you will make no objection.

The external organization of your church is obviously not that taught by Christ and his Apostles. As to this matter, every thing in the Bible is simple. The kingdom of Christ is not of outward observation—its seat is in the hearts and affections of men—its elements are righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The great object of the Apostles and first preachers of the doctrines of Christ was to win men to the belief and to the practice of the truth. When men believed the truth, they were baptized, and were thus introduced into the communion of the saints; and not a word is said about popes, patriarchs, cardinals, metropolitans, prelates, or of the duty of implicit obedience to their authority. There is a government enjoined, but it is free and as simple as one can well conceive; whilst yours is as despotic, and as absurdly pompous as one can well imagine. As your external organization is not taught in the Bible, where did you get it?

The answer to this question to my mind is plain. As the early Church advanced in numbers, influence and wealth, it gradually lost the martyr spirit of its founders. Its ministers became corrupt, secular and ambitious. By degrees, bishops, from an office, became an order. As Rome was the metropolis of the world, and it was there that the greater numbers of martyrs had shed their blood, the bishop of the metropolitan city soon became pre-eminent among his brethren. Now the State sought the influence of the church to assist in maintaining its authority; and the church sought the influence of the State to assist in building up its ghostly dominion. Each yielded to the request of the other. The church rapidly extended; and the ambition of priests conceived the idea of governing it after the model of the state. Rome must be the centre of ecclesiastical as of civil power. The State had its Cæsar—as the church must have its pope. Cæsar had his governors of provinces—the pope must have his patriarchs. The governors had their subordinates; and these again their, down to the very lowest office; so that the patriarchs had their archbishops; these their bishops; and these their priests; and so down to the very lowest office in the church. As in the State all civil authority emanated from Cæsar, and all disputes were finally referable to him; so in the church all ecclesiastical authority emanated from the pope, and he was made the final judge of all disputes. Here, sir, is the origin of your ecclesiastical government. And did the limits of a letter permit, I could run out this parallel into some details which even to you would be striking and confounding. Your ecclesiastical organization has just the same divine warrant that that of Mahometanism, or Hindooism has—God permits it. The Roman Empire has passed away; ages ago its mangled limbs were strewn over the earth. But in that ecclesiastical organization called Popery, we have the living models of that form of government by which the Cæsars bound the

nations of the earth to their thrones; and by which they were enabled to crush, at the extremes of the world, every effort to break the yoke of servitude.

How far all this bears upon the question, whether yours is a church of Christ, I submit to your candid decision. When weighing this matter, I would entreat you not to jeopardize your standing as a scholar and a man of sense, by any reference to, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my church." Leave that thing to the boys from Maynooth, with long coats and short brains.

The forms and method of your public worship are obviously not those taught in the Bible. I enter your church, Saint Patrick's, to worship God. I am required to sprinkle myself with Holy Water, and to make on myself the sign of the cross. And why, or for what purpose? That I may be defended from unclean spirits! I look around me, and I see a forest of candles burning upon the altar—And for what purpose? where is this commanded? I see people counting their beads, and praying before pictures. Where is this taught? Now comes out a priest in his robes embroidered with crosses. Did Peter or Paul wear such things when teaching Jews and Gentiles the faith of Christ? He says nothing to the people, but goes through the Mass in Latin, of which I may know nothing. Was this the way Peter and Paul did? Then come out boys in white frocks, with their censers, offering incense to the priest, and filling the church with the odour. Were Peter and Paul thus incensed? The priest goes through the service, bowing, and kissing the altar, now lifting up his hands, now his eyes; now speaking in a whisper, now in full voice, according to the rules laid down. Now, Sir, where did you get these things?—And after the ceremony is over, I again cross myself with Holy Water and retire. This is your public worship of God every where, and from age to age; save, that in this country there is a sermon on sticking to Mother Church, sometimes added. Have you the most distant idea that it was in this way the first Christian, worshipped God? The manner of your public worship is not scriptural, or Christian; it is heathen, and was originally adopted for the seducing of the heathen to Christianity. If Peter or Paul could be introduced to Saint Patrick's when you were going through High Mass, and were told that you were one of their successors, what would be their astonishment!—What! you a successor of the men who lived by catching fish, and mending nets, and making tents!—And that farce in which you are a chief actor every Sabbath, the exact counterpart of the worship instituted by the Apostles!—Your manner of public worship is not only unscriptural, but in direct opposition to scripture;—it wants nothing of heathenism but the name.

And how far all this bears upon the question whether yours is a church of Christ, I submit to your candid decision.

The Bible is God's revealed will to teach us what we should believe, and do. This Bible your church has corrupted, and labors to suppress. You mix up with the pure word of God, the Apocrypha, which lays no claim to inspiration, and whose internal evidences are fatal to such a claim. I need here only mention the recommendation of the Angel, Tobit, to make smoke out of the heart and liver of a fish, to secure death out of men! And yet this Apocrypha is of more use to you than all the Bible besides! You mutilate the ten Commandments written on stone by the finger of God! You mistranslate the Scriptures in passages innumerable, to bring out your peculiar doctrines; or to conceal its testimony against them. And where the point of Scripture cannot be broken or blunted, you put a note at the bottom in explanation. And what notes! Take the following as an illustration, appended to Rom. 4. 7. "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."—"That is, blessed are those who, by doing penance have obtained pardon and remission of their sins, and also are covered; that is, newly covered with the habit of grace, and vested with the stole of charity." Nor is the work of corruption yet done. You superadd to all this your traditions, which like a piece of Indian rubber you can stretch or contract to suit your purpose. Nor can the Bible, when all this is done, be put in promiscuous circulation, lest, with all these additions and corruptions, some might understand it as teaching some thing in opposition to popery! You tell the poor Irish woman that she had better keep at her broom, and wash tub, than trouble herself about the Gospels! When you corrupt the Bible to the extent of your ability; when you add to it every thing that you can, or dare—even then you keep it from the people! Why this fearful of the Bible.

Now, sir, how far all this bears upon the question whether yours is a church of Christ, I submit to your own decision. As far as you can, you strive to supplant the Bible as the only rule of faith; and as far as I am concerned, I would as soon strive to grope my way to heaven by the Koran, as by that which you give me as a substitute for the Bible. But I wish not to forestall your decision.

The Sacraments, instituted in condescension to our weakness, are outward and sensible signs of inward and spiritual grace. These, like the Bible, you have enlarged and corrupted.—Christ and his Apostles left us but two; you multiply them by three and carry one. I only wonder how your ingenuity permitted you to stop at seven. Here you have allowed a Dr. Deacon, a dull Englishman, and, I believe a Protestant in the bargain, to surpass you!—He adds, *exorcism, the white garment, a taste of milk and honey, &c.* How easily you might have gone on to seven, or even seventy times seven! But in addition to multiplying, you

have most grievously corrupted the two that are taught us in the New Testament. In baptism you dip or pour three times; where is this taught? Ordinarily you permit it only to be administered in churches which have fonts, the water of which is to be blessed every year on the virgins of Easter and Whit Sunday! Where do you get this? Where is your warrant for the absurd practice of godfathers and godmothers? The priest blows three times upon the face of the person to be baptized, saying,—"Depart out of him or her, O unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost!"—where did you get this? He then puts a grain of blessed salt into the mouth;—then he exorcises the unclean spirit, because the devil must go out, before the person is introduced into the church! Then he wets his finger with his spitte, and touches, first, the ears, saying, "Epiphatha!"—then his nostrils, saying, "unto the odour of sweetness."—"Be thou put to flight, O Devil!" And when baptized, a white cloth is put on his head, and a candle in his hand. Now whence all these things? Is this a heathen ceremony, or christian baptism?

Bad as all this is, it is strong common sense when compared with your corruption of the Lord's Supper. The bread and wine are rejected for a wafer—that wafer is converted into the wafer God is in itself worshipped, and then eaten! And to believe all this shows great exaltation of faith and piety! Some things would appear very pious were they not so absurd and ludicrous.

Now, sir, how far this multiplication and corruption of the sacraments of the Christian religion enters into the question, whether or not yours is a church of Christ, I submit again to your own decision.

Nor have you permitted a single leading doctrine of the Bible to escape your efforts to pervert them.

The Bible holds up one God as the sole object of religious worship. You teach us to worship the Virgin—the host—the cross; and to adore angels—departed saints—relics—and even pictures.

The Bible teaches that our only access to God is through a Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who is made unto us of God, wisdom and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption, and that through faith in his name we are made partakers of the blessings of his work of redemption. You teach that there are other intercessors to whom we must apply—that our own works are efficacious to save us—that the sacraments have inherent power to save—that faith in Christ is not the true method of justification.

The Bible teaches that we must be born again, created anew by the Holy Ghost. This you denounce as a false and accursed doctrine, and yet this is the doctrine which you regenerate by baptism, and kept in a state of salvation by confirmation, confession, penance, fasts and alms! The Bible plainly teaches that when we die we go to heaven or to hell, like Lazarus and the rich man, that our probation is confined to the present state. You teach us that there is a third state, Purgatory, where souls are purified from the venial sins, and thus prepared for heaven. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Such, Reverend sir, is the way in which some things strike me, bearing on the question whether yours is, or is not, a church of Christ. That there are many papists truly pious, I believe. But whether a church fashioned as is yours, as to its external organization, after the Roman state when governed by military despots—departing, in its public worship, in every essential particular, from that taught in the Scriptures; whether a church which corrupts its sacraments and its doctrines, is a church of Christ; this is the grave question which I now submit to your decision. It is said that a question involving a vast amount of property was once submitted to Sir Matthew Hale. Before giving his opinion he was approached by the lordly defendant in the case with a bribe. He repulsed him with great indignation. His lordship complained of him to the king; and the reply of his majesty was: "Sir Matthew makes his decisions without fear or favor; he would treat me in the same way."

All I ask of you is to decide the above question with the honesty of Sir Matthew.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

Characteristics of Crabs

The crab, take him for all in all, is by no means a bad sort of fellow, though he has his peculiarities. To a certain extent, he also is pugnacious, but unlike the lobster, his pugnacity is not wholesale and indiscriminate. When a crab fights it is always on a personal question: to resent an insult, to defend himself from assault, "The Borerabbit" (purse crab) says Rumphius is a native of Aulboyna, where it lives in the fissures of the rocks by day, and seeks its food by night on the beach. When met in the road he sets himself up in a threatening attitude, and then retreats backwards, making a great snapping with his pinners. Rochefort says the same of the crabs in the West Indies:—"When you try to catch them, they retreat sideways, show their teeth, and display their open pinners, striking them against each other. This is not the portraiture of a crab seeking a quarrel. It exhibits on the contrary, a character in which caution and courage are combined: if you thrust a quarrel upon him, he will do his devoir crabfully, and when he falls, it will be like a warrior, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe." Perhaps you will tell me he is a duellist, and quote Aristotle and Pliny to prove it. I know that both these naturalists assert that crabs are in the habit of fighting like man. Aristotle says so in his eighth book of his "History of Animals"; (and Pliny repeats the observation). They will fight with each other and then you shall see them jure and butt with their horns like rammes." But it must be borne in mind, the mere fact of being engaged in a fair stand

up fight, is no proof of a quarrelsome disposition. Who can tell what may have been the amount of provocation that had led to this hostile demonstration? There may have been a lady in the case which, considering that crabs are arrayed like knights-errant, always in full panoply, is not by any means improbable. There is abundant evidence that the crab is benevolent, patient, long-suffering; its powers of endurance are prodigious. Sir Charles Lyell tells us in his "Principles of Geology" that in the year 1832, a large female crab (*cancer pagurus*) was captured on the English coast covered with oysters and smaller parasites; some of six years' growth. Two were four inches long and three and a half broad.—Mr. Robert Brown saw the animal alive in excellent health and spirits; and Mr. Broderip who so usefully combines the naturalist with the police magistrate, possesses it dead. He has decided that this patient pagurus could not have cast its shell during the period of the venerable oyster's residence upon it; but must have retained it for six years, instead of moulting it annually, which is, according to some authorities the habit of the species. The fable of the old man of the mountain becomes tame and pointless after this reality. The wise shell fish cheerfully endured what could not be cured, with a resignation and fortitude worthy of a crab of old Sparta. Indeed, wisdom, foresight, and cunning are the characteristics of the species; and in them it places more dependence than in physical force. That very Borskrabbe which we have already mentioned, affords a proof of this. Hear Rumphius again:—"The natives of Amboyna relate that they (the crabs) climb coconut trees to get at the milk which is in the fruit;" hence he says "the common name they bear is that of the crab of the cocoa-nut." Pontoppidan, the learned Bishop of Bergen, also asserts that the crabs in Norway "have an artifice in throwing a stone between the shells of the oyster when open, so that it cannot shut, and by that means seizing it as prey." Acts like these denote a subtle intellect; indeed, the crab's career affords strong evidence of his being generally under the influence of an *arrière pensee*.

Talleyrand Forewarned.

One day, in the presence of the minister, conversation was directed to those instantaneous warnings which might be considered as communications from the invisible world with man; some one observed that it would be difficult to find any celebrated man who, either in his own person or that of an intimate friend, could not attest some supernatural event of his life. The prince remarked: "I can never forget that I was once gifted for a moment, with an extraordinary and inexplicable presence, which was the means of saving my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not be here to recount these curious details. I was intimately connected with one of my countrymen, M. R. We had always lived on the best of terms and in these stormy times (the French Revolution) something more than friendship was needed to unite persons, when the expression required almost a divine courage. I had no cause to doubt his affiance. On the contrary, he had on several occasions given me the most devoted proofs of his attachment to my person and interests. We had together quitted France to take refuge in New-York, and had hitherto lived in perfect harmony. Wishing to increase our little capital, I had freighted a ship, half shares with him to try our fortunes in the Indies.

We were ready for our departure, but waited for a favorable wind with the greatest impatience. The state of uncertainty appeared to sour poor B. to a most extraordinary degree. Incapable of remaining quiet, he roamed the city with a feverish activity, which for a moment excited my surprise, for he was always remarkable for his calmness and placidity.

"One day he entered the room, evidently under great excitement, although he used great efforts to restrain himself. I was writing letters to Europe. Leaning over my shoulder, he said, with a forced gaiety, "Why do you lose time in writing these letters? They will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us make the round of the battery. The wind may become favorable; perhaps we are nearer to our departure than we think!" The day was magnificent, although the wind was high; I allowed myself to be persuaded. B. as I afterwards recollected, showed extraordinary alacrity in closing my desk, arranging my papers, and offering my hat and cane, which I attributed to the need of incessant activity with which he had appeared overwhelmed ever since our forced departure. We threaded the well peopled streets and reached the battery. He had offered me his arm and hurried on as if he was in haste to reach it. When we were on the grand esplanade B. hastened still more until we reached the edge. He spoke loudly and rapidly, and admired in energetic terms the beauties of the scene.—Suddenly he stopped in the midst of his incoherent talk: I had disengaged my arm from his and stood firmly before him. I fixed my eye on him. He moved aside as if intimidated and ashamed. "K!" cried I, your intention is to kill me; you intend to throw me from this height into the sea! Deny it, monster if you dare!"

"The insane man looked at me intently with his haggard eyes for a moment; but I was careful not to remove my looks from him and his eyes fell. He muttered some incoherent words and endeavored to pass me, but I spread my arms and prevented him. Casting a wild look around, he threw himself on my neck and burst into tears. It is true, it is true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night by an infernal flame. It was for that I brought you here; see you are not a foot from the precipice; in another instant the deed would have been done!" The demon had abandoned him; his eyes were void of expression; a white foam covered his parched lips; the crisis had passed.—I conducted him home. Some days of rest, bleeding and dieting completely cured him, and what is the most singular circumstance of all, we never referred to the occurrence."

The Prince was persuaded that, on that day, his destiny would have been decided, and he never spoke on the subject without the greatest emotion.

Duties in general, like that class of things called debts, give more trouble the longer they remain undischarged.

Advertisements.

S DUDLEY & SONS,

51 MAIN STREET.

THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of **HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.** many articles of which are expressly designed for **STEAMBOATS, HOTELS and PRIVATE FAMILIES.** We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANNED TABLE WARE.
To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Stacks and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c. &c. which are constantly manufactured in the most elegant style, and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

We also have on hand an extra quality of **LEATHER HOSE**, of our own manufacture; also, **FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c.** We are, likewise, the **SOLE AGENTS** in this city of **H. R. WORTHINGTON'S REVENUE PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP AND FIRE ENGINE.**

We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved **COOK STOVE**, designed expressly for Steamboats, and a large quantity and assortment of **STEAM and WATER GAUGES**, and beautifully finished.

GONG BELLS, for Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for **STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK.**

With our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. **S. DUDLEY & SONS,** 51 Main street.

DAILY REPUBLIC JOB PRINTING BOOK BINDING AND STEREOTYPING ESTABLISHMENT, 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXECUTE all descriptions of **PRINTING**, such as Hand Bills, Posters, Illustrated and Plain Steamboat Bills, Carded, Trip Sheets, Ornamental Posters and **Rail Road Work.** Done on the shortest notice and in the greatest variety of style. Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Bank Checks, Check Books, Business Cards, and every variety of work that can be done by any other establishment in the city.

A LARGE BOOK BINDERY In connection with the Establishment, which will furnish at short notice all the best and most fashionable styles of Binding and Binding. Our facilities are complete in every detail, and we are prepared to do work in any style and as promptly as any establishment in the city.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND PAPER RULING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to do all kinds of **Plain and Ornamental Book Binding.** Blank Books Ruled to any pattern desired, and packed in legible type.

OLD BOOKS RE-BOUND. Magazines of all kinds, Music, Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., neatly bound in any variety of styles.

C. L. FOND, Republic Buildings, 117 204 Washington St., Buffalo.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK. INCORPORATED APRIL 19TH, 1854—OFFICE CORNER N. 3RD AND NORTH DIVISION STS., BUFFALO.

TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPTEMBER 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

OFFICERS. WILLIAM A. BIRD, President.

GIBSON T. WILLIAMS, 1st Vice President. STEPHEN V. R. WATSON, 2d Vice Pres't. CYRUS P. LEE, Secretary and Treasurer. E. C. SPRAGUE, Auditor.

TRUSTEES. Wm. A. Bird, Henry Root, Stephen W. Howell, Richard Bullen, Michael Tanner, Jacob Kremer, Wm. C. Sherwood, Wm. Wilkeson, Noah P. Sprague, Stephen V. R. Watson, F. Augustus Gordon, James Wadsworth, Noah H. Gardner, Gibson T. Williams, Myron P. Bush, Charles J. Wells, Wm. Fick, James C. Harrison, Bradford A. Manchester, John R. Evans.

The objects of this Institution are to afford a secure place where money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest and to draw out at any time; and also to loan money in moderate sums to our citizens upon Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter and By-Laws afford the amplest security to depositors. In addition to these the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the depositors be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

1. It receives deposits of any amount, down to ten cents; thus affording an inducement to our poorest citizens, and especially to the young, to save their earnings.

2. It pays six per cent. interest on all sums amounting to one dollar, and upwards.

3d. It will be kept open in the evening for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be generally sustained by their fellow citizens.

N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas. Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-11

BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY. B. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT, On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts., in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of **BOTANIC MEDICINES**, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take especial care to have his Medicines not only genuine, but of the first quality, and all of preparations from the latest and best authorities. He will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops, Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomach and Catarrh Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and **CHOLERA SYRUP,**

which was extensively used in 49 and '52, with unfailing success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one. He hopes to use every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage, and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to. 11

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canadian, and in all the Principal Cities of Europe, to buy and sell **GOLD DUST, BULLION, GOLD & SILVER**

Coins, Drafts, Bills of Exchange and Public Stocks, collect and settle bills, notes, or other demands and claims, forwarded by

EXPRESS, &c. Money, Bank Bills, Coin, Merchandise and all other descriptions of Express Freight, Packages and Parcels.

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates, and in exchange and in circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers, cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Special credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise—Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the usual terms.

All orders for the purchase of Public Stocks, Bonds, Works of Art, or other articles, promptly attended to. All letters addressed to the care of any of our agencies promptly delivered or forwarded.

For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 and upwards, upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and the Bank of London.

The Company's Expresses, in charge of special Messengers, are regularly dispatched. **SEMI-MONTHLY TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA.**

By the Mail Steamship Lines, via Panama, and also by the Nicaragua Steamship Lines, and to and from EUROPE, BY THE LIVERPOOL, HAVRE AND BREMEN STEAM SHIP LINES.

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, and the Union Line of Havre Packets.

At the Paris office is kept a Traveler's Register and all the principal American newspapers, to which visitors take free access.

DIRECTORS: D. N. Barney, Johnston Livingston, James McKim, New York; Wm. G. Fargo, Buffalo; Edwin B. Morgan, Henry Wells, Aurora; W. J. Pardee, San Francisco, Cal.; E. P. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES MCKAY, Secretary, 117 N. 3RD ST., T. M. JAMES, Treasurer.

BUFFALO & BRANTFORD RAILWAY. SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT.

Buffalo and Brantford Railway. In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo, and the **MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD**, to Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.

On August 1st, Monday, the 11th inst., Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:30 A. M., 1:45 and 10:40 P. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives at Buffalo at 7:5 P. M. Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M. Paris at 12:30 A. M., arrives at Buffalo at 4:15.

Freight train leaves Paris at 9:50 A. M., arrives at Erie at 2 P. M.

N. B. This route connects with the several Eastern Lines terminating in Buffalo and the Michigan Central to Chicago.

Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 3 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through. Fare from Buffalo to Detroit, \$5. Fare to Chicago, \$11.

No extra charge for meals. WM. WALLACE, Sup't B. & B. R. W. Sup't's Office, opposite Erie Depot, Buffalo, August 2d, 1854.

HAIR GLOSS. HIGHLY PERFUMED with Rose Geranium, Citronella, and other choice Odors.

This article is introduced to the attention of the public after its virtues have been thoroughly tried. It is a significant and gratifying fact, that all who have used it.

ROSE COMPOUND, have been delighted with its effects. We do not believe a single case has occurred where it has failed, when used according to its directions; to stop the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all those requisites for a hair dressing, and has already secured such general commendation.

As an article of daily use for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, &c.

Because of its Cheapness!

DELICIOUS PERFUME AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PROMOTING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSSY TONIC.

The superiority of the **ROSE HAIR GLOSS** in this respect, consists not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scurf or dandruff, stimulating the vessels and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

The first application of the **Rose Hair Gloss** should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark rich lustre; the scalp is clean, free and healthy; the thin, feeble filaments grow out thick and strong; and by a continuance of this care the hair will be preserved in its original healthful luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of life.

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results and the LOW price for LARGE bottles, mark it as the Cheapest, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vegetative power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the best Hair preparation in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottle cool. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers.

A. R. MOORE, Druggist, 225 Main st., Buffalo. B. G. NOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. 11

MARBLE WORKS. V. R. GREGORY & CO. Dealers in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE.

Monuments, Grave Stone, Tomb Tops, &c. Elm st., next door to cor. of Clinton Buffalo. 11